

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1858.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 5d.

MR. W. SCHULTHEIS, begs to announce that he has removed to 8, Alfred-place, Alexander Square, Brompton, S.W.

WANTED by a Musicseller in the country.—A young man of steady habits, to learn pianoforte tuning; one who can play at sight would be preferred. A small progressive salary will be given. Apply by letter, addressed, A. B., care of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

A YOUNG MAN, who is engaged during the day, would like to meet with employment from 7 till 10 in the evening. He would keep a set of books, or make himself useful in any capacity for a small remuneration. Address A. B., care of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street, Cavendish-square.

ARTHUR NAPOLEON begs to announce to his numerous patrons and friends his arrival at Liverpool, from Brazil and Rio da Prata. During his short stay in England, he will receive engagements (for the provinces) at No. 26, Bedford-street North, Liverpool.

TO VIOLINISTS.

WANTED immediately a CONDUCTOR for the CARMARTHEN MUSICAL SOCIETY. He must be a skilful violinist, fully competent to lead the orchestra, and to arrange and adapt the music. Salary, £50 and a Benefit Concert.

A gentleman who understands choral teaching, and can give finishing lessons in singing will be much preferred. Address with testimonials to the Hon. Sec., Journal Office, Carmarthen.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT.—Positively the last five nights of the season. Introduction of four Original Characters and Songs. Every evening (except Saturday) at Eight. Saturday next (last time) at Three. Admission, 1s., 2s., and 3s.; Stalls secured without extra charge at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent-street, and at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 291, Regent-street. The Gallery to be let during Mr. and Mrs. Reed's provincial tour. Application by letter only to Mr. J. H. Filkin.

PIANOFORTES.—DEWRANCE'S COMPENSATING PIANO may now be seen at the depot, 33, Soho-square. By the application of this principal a heavier string can be used, the result of which is, that the full power of a grand is obtained from a cottage instrument, at the same time the wires and the frame on which they are strung expand and contract with change of temperature equally and together, so that the necessity for frequent tuning, as in the ordinary instrument, is entirely obviated. For fullness and roundness of tone, with extraordinary powers of modulation, these instruments are quite unequalled, at the same time the price is no higher than that of an ordinary piano.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

SEPTEMBER 8, 9, 10, and 11, 1858.

Serial Tickets, including admission to the Town Hall at the Inauguration by the Queen, can be purchased until further notice, either by personal application, or by letter addressed to T. W. George, Esq., Committee Rooms.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

	£	s.	d.
Serial Tickets, admitting to the Seven Performances ..	4	4	0
Ditto ditto including the privilege of entrée to the			
Hall at the Inauguration ..	5	5	0
Single Tickets for each Morning Performance, Front Seats ..	1	1	0
Ditto ditto Second Seats ..	0	10	6
Ditto for each Evening Performance, Front Seats ..	0	15	0
Ditto ditto Second Seats ..	0	7	6

Holders of Serial Tickets will be provided with separate Transferable Tickets for each performance.

Applicants for Serial or Single Tickets can make choice of seats at the Committee Rooms; and the Tickets purchased may be called for on every following Tuesday.

The Serial Tickets which have been balloted for are now ready for delivery, and purchasers are requested to call or send responsible persons for them as early as possible.

Tickets will be forwarded by post, on pre-payment of one shilling.

The Second Seats are numbered and reserved.

Detailed Programmes can now be had at the Committee Rooms, 7, Greek-treot, Park-row.

RUDOLPH NORDMANN'S LAST PIECE—"M' APPARI TUTT' AMOR," from Flotow's opera "Martha," price 3s. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

FEAR ON THE DEEP BLUE SEA. New song, by J. R. THOMAS (Composer of "One Faithful Heart," &c., &c.), 2s. "Mr. Thomas has fairly won the reputation of a first-rate composer in this line. 'Fear on the deep blue sea' will be as much sung as 'Fading away,' which is everybody's favourite." London: Robert Cooks and Co., New Burlington-street, W.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL.—The appointment of a COUNTER TENOR SINGER to the vacant place in Durham Cathedral, will be made on Tuesday, the 28th day of September next. The trial will take place on the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of the preceding week, immediately after Morning Service. All applications and testimonials must be sent in, addressed to Mr. EDWARD PEELE, Registrar to the Dean and Chapter of Durham, at his office in the College, Durham, on or before Friday, the 3rd day of September next. The travelling expenses of the Candidates, who shall be summoned to the trial, will be paid by the Dean and Chapter. College, Durham, July 31, 1858.

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V. R.

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COMPOSED OF

Little English, Irish, and Scotch boys, from five to sixteen years of age, who play operatic selections, solos, duets, quartets, quadrilles, marches, and polkas; and sing songs, choruses, &c., in a most effective manner, and to whom he gives a gratuitous general and musical education in order to illustrate his highly approved system of musical education, and with whom he travels about the country to excite an interest for and help to establish musical institutions called "Conservatoires of Music" for little children in every town, city, and village of this great empire.

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By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.

MOIRATO'S PATENT WATER RESERVOIR,

APPLICABLE TO

BRASS INSTRUMENTS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.



Cornet-a-Pistons with Patent Water Reservoir attached.

FOR many years past, manufacturers and professors have endeavoured to lessen the inconvenience arising from the collection of water in wind instruments, caused by the condensation of the breath, but all attempts have hitherto failed. Lately, a key (a very old system) has been re-introduced, by opening which the water is allowed to escape, still the water *does collect in the instrument*, and a performer must *leave off playing to get rid of it*. After a time, from constant use, the key becomes loose, and the water rots the pad of the key; in either case, the instrument cannot be air-tight, and the tone is injured in consequence.

The ordinary mode of turning the water out, by taking off the tuning slide, is still more injurious to the instrument, as the constant pulling in and out of this slide soon renders it loose. This evil is more particularly experienced in the army, where the slide is continually exposed to dust, which it readily catches. Moirato's Patent Water Reservoir entirely eradicates this evil, and by means of this simple contrivance, which requires no adjusting, and is self-acting, a person may now play any length of time without experiencing this inconvenience. The outward appearance of the Reservoir is that of an ordinary semitone valve slide; its application is, however, quite different. The tubing of the instrument, where the Reservoir is attached, is perforated with several small holes, the slide on either side being filled up with a sponge tightly fitted, which absorbs the moisture, and at the same time keeps the instrument air-tight. The water, after passing through the sponge, falls into the Reservoir.

PRICE OF THE RESERVOIR ATTACHED TO ANY NEW INSTRUMENT OF BOOSEY AND SONS' MAKE, FROM 16s. to 21s.
THIS PATENT IS ALSO APPLICABLE TO MOST INSTRUMENTS AT PRESENT IN USE.

A FEW OF THE MANY TESTIMONIALS ALREADY RECEIVED:

CHATHAM,
August 6, 1858.

GENTLEMEN,—I have much pleasure in bearing my testimony to the efficiency and usefulness of Moirato's Patent Water Reservoir.

The evil eradicated by this simple contrivance is one of the greatest we have to contend against in military bands, and I feel convinced your patent must shortly come into general use.

Your obedient Servant,
J. A. KAPPAY,

Band Master, 1st Division Royal Marines, Chatham.

PIMLICO,
July 29th, 1858.

I have tried "Moirato's Reservoir" attached to a corneopean, and find it answers admirably. With this attachment, an artist can perform for several hours on his instrument without drawing off the water.

CH. ZEISS,
1st Trumpet Player at Her Majesty's Theatre.

WOOLWICH,
25th June, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to your invention of a Reservoir attached to the cornet-a-piston, and I believe, applicable to all brass instruments. Having seen its capabilities fairly tested, I am bound to speak in the warmest terms of its full and complete success, and concur in your assertion that "a person may now play any length of time without the water collecting in his instrument." I trust, ere long, to see your invention attached to all brass instruments in use.

With my best wishes for your success.

I remain,
Your obedient Servant,
J. SMITH,
Band Master, Royal Artillery.

To Mr. J. MOIRATO DAVIS.

114, CAMBRIDGE STREET, WARWICK SQUARE,
August 7, 1858.

I have tried in my band, Moirato's Patent Water Reservoir "attached to five or six different brass instruments," and can speak with confidence of its complete success. I am also very glad to find it does not in the least interfere with the tone of the instruments. I look upon this Water Reservoir as an invaluable addition to all brass instruments.

C. BOOSE,
Band Master, Scots Fusilier Guards.

WINDSOR,
August 17, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have duly received yours of the 6th Instant, and the cornet-a-piston to which it has reference.

The improvement of the way to get rid of the water by means of the Reservoir is the most simple, and at the same time the most effective for the purpose I have ever seen. I am also bound to say, that it does not injure the tone or intonation of the instrument in the slightest degree.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
C. GODFREY,
Band Master, Coldstream Guards.

To Messrs. BOOSEY and SONS.

SOLE VENDORS OF THE PATENT:

BOOSEY AND SONS,

MILITARY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MANUFACTURERS,

24 AND 28, HOLLES-STREET, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON.

Proceedings will be immediately commenced against any Person infringing this Patent.

MOZART'S SON.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In reading your last paper my attention was drawn to the letter relating to Mozart's son, where I learnt that he was living in Milan, and suffering from poverty. Wishing to assist the son of our immortal composer, I should feel greatly obliged to you if you would favour me with the address and all the particulars relating to this interesting man.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

CARL A. LANG, Professeur de Musique.

Place St. François, No. 13, Lausanne, Juli 30, 1858,
(Canton de Vaud) Switzerland.

[We regret we are unable to furnish our correspondent with any particulars whatever.—Ed.]

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In your notice last week of the programme of the intended performances at the approaching celebration of this important festival, you allude to the "additional accompaniments by Mozart" to Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, used some years since at Exeter Hall.

Of the desirability of amplifying and enriching the original score of this cantata, so as to give scope to the full resources of a modern orchestra, I suppose there will hardly be a question, any more than, as you say, the competence of Mr. Costa for the task can be doubted. Still, however, the question remains to be answered—What has Mozart already done in this matter, and why are the accompaniments made use of by the Harmonic Union, if really the work of so great a man, to be now set aside? I hope some of your correspondents may be able to give a satisfactory answer to the query, or at any rate to throw some further light upon the subject by informing us of the authority for holding the arrangements in question to be the genuine work of Mozart, and further, whether the word "*travaillé*" must be understood to mean that the band parts have been rewritten or merely adapted to an orchestra of increased power. It might also be a matter of interest to inquire whether any other of Handel's now neglected cantatas, such as the "*Triumph of Time and Truth*" and "*Hercules*," has ever been, or might be, similarly "*travaillés*" with advantage.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

AMATEUR.

OPERA GLASSES.

To the Editor of the Era.

SIR,—I was at the Opera in Covent Garden on Saturday night, when an opera glass fell from one of the upper tier of boxes into the pit. Had it in its flight struck one of the audience on the head, either instantaneous death must have been the result, or such an injury as would have rendered the sufferer an idiot for life. This accident occurred from a person having placed an opera glass on the ledge of the box, and then accidentally pushing it over.

Now a light brass wire screen carried beneath the boxes would be extremely ornamental, and would be a perfect guard against such an accident, to which so many are exposed. I have seen the Queen look very forward from her box at an interesting stage of the performance—the fall of a heavy opera glass from an upper tier-box, and a whole nation might be in tears.

The managers of theatres will not, I feel certain, require more than their attention being called to this admission.

CHIRURGUS.

[While securing accident from the boxes, a lady complains to us of the inconvenience she experiences in the stalls, having to hold her Opera-glass the whole evening. She suggests a small shelf or pocket at the back of each chair, which could not possibly be in the way of any one.—Ed. of Era.]

EDWARD LODER'S OPERA OF RAYMOND AND AGNES.—It is reported that Miss L. Pyne and Mr. Harrison have accepted the above-named opera for their forthcoming season at Drury Lane Theatre. This would be infinitely preferable to an English version of Herr Flotow's *Martha*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 516.)

FROM Sydney to Melbourne is a sea passage of about five hundred miles to the southward, which we made in a very swift steamer, the *Telegraph*. The coast is visible the whole distance, and the two principal points, Capes Howe and Otway, stand out in bold relief against the horizon. The steamer was a very swift one (that is, swift for the colonies, where the majority of the boats are worn out old screws from the Clyde), and we arrived at Melbourne in forty-eight hours. The harbour (Port Philip) is very large and commodious, but possesses none of the natural beauties of Port Jackson (Sydney), and the city has altogether an air of *newness* strongly resembling those extra ordinary towns in the great west of America, which spring up as if by magic. Many of the public buildings and large stores, banks, &c., &c., are noble piles, but the majority being of a dark blue stone, of volcanic origin, give the city a prison-like appearance. The streets are laid out principally at right angles, alternately wide and narrow, and named accordingly, as for example, Great Bourke-street, Little Bourke-street, Great Lonsdale-street, Little Lonsdale-street, and so on with the ditto to the end of the chapter (or rather municipality). Its rapid growth is of course, in a great measure, owing to the discovery of the Victoria gold fields, but has been greatly accelerated by the presence of Americans, whose go-ahead propensities have inculcated their steadier neighbours, and the consequence has been that the colony of Victoria has progressed in a much greater ratio than her sisters New South Wales, South Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. Indeed, to such an extent has the "curse of gold" infected, Midas-like, the land, that the great Australian staple, wool, was for a time neglected for the evanescent prosperity induced by the auriferous discoveries; and while her slower sister, New South Wales, was quietly plodding along, Victoria (like California) has had to pass, and is still passing, through the period of mercantile depression consequent upon over-trading, and the neglect of the natural staple products which alone are the true wealth of a nation. And to this unpleasant condition she has been brought in a great measure by the ridiculous conduct of merchants and manufacturers at home, who would persist (spite of the entreaties of their correspondents in the colonies) in glutting the markets with every description of wearing apparel, hardware, &c., &c., which were sent on consignment; the consignees had, in order to pay freight charges, &c., &c., to force goods into the market at nominal prices, and very often articles of excellent manufacture could be bought at a discount of fifty per cent. below the London manufacturer's rates. And while I was in Melbourne there must have been an impression at home that the colonists fed upon leather, for there were boots and shoes enough to give every man, woman, and child in the colony a pair daily for a twelvemonth to come. Now I think we have had quite enough of political economy (or wastefulness as the case may be), and let us indulge in a little *meusic*, as a delicate gentleman of my acquaintance calls it.

The good people of Melbourne are great lovers of music, more especially when placed before them in an operative form. They possess three theatres—the Royal, the Princesses, and the Olympic—or Coppin's Iron Pot as it is called, being built of corrugated iron, and well calculated, from its materials, during the hot summer months, to *sauté* an audience. The Princess's was originally an amphitheatre, ninety-two feet in width, and was altered into a theatre, or opera-house, for our opera season, in 1857. The Royal is a handsome theatre, of which Coppin is the lessee, but the exterior is unfinished, and as the entrance is through a large saloon used as a promenade by the vilest of the vile of both sexes, in which the most disgusting scenes continually occur, it is not to be wondered at that the theatre is not generally patronised by the *élite* of the inhabitants. Mr. Coppin is also the proprietor of Cremorne, a very pretty establishment some three miles from the city, in the district of Richmond, upon the pretty Yarra-Yarra River, and is frequented much by the same description of ladies and gentlemen as the London establishment of the same name, and the *High Jinks* carried on there upon

gala nights after midnight, beggar all description. Concerts are given in a little room, holding about four hundred people, called the Mechanic's Institute; and in the Exhibition Building, one of those glass cucumber frames called into being by Sir Joseph Paxton, and about as badly adapted for sound as the Crystal Palace, St. James's Hall, the Thames-Tunnel, or any other similar establishment in which music and poetry, like the babes in the Tower, are smothered. When will architects be convinced, by practical experience, that a segment of a circle is *not* the shape for the ceiling of a hall intended for musical purposes? and that a lot of kneeling, fat, indelicate cupids, the colour of dairy-fed pork (as at St. James his Hall), can by no possibility assist vibration? Rot your stencilled ceilings and Venetian red walls, say I! Give me rather a "Plain Brick Playhouse," as old Cobbett said (or rather as Horace and James Smith said for him), where you can hear a fiddle or two without swearing at the architect. Our stay at Melbourne this time was very short, as we only gave a concert in the cucumber frame for the benefit of the hospital, which, I am happy to say, was nobly responded to by the music-loving people of Melbourne. Our next destination was across the Bay to Geelong, the second city in point of population in the colony of Victoria. Here we played an opera season of a month with excellent success, much to our astonishment, for the town looks as if it had taken a spell of forty winks from Rip Van Winkle's long nap. From thence we were to penetrate "into the bowels of the land," yea, even unto Ballarat, a distance by coach of ninety miles. The coaches are square waggons of American manufacture, mounted upon leathern springs, and are well adapted for the heavy work they have to undergo in travelling the exceedingly rough roads leading to the gold regions. They are owned and driven by Americans, and I have often beheld good English *whips* quite astonished at the apparently reckless, though really careful *Jehu-ism* of the drivers as they dash forward at a fearful pace through the half burnt woods and over the ragged mountain courses which are dignified with the name of roads; and there is a good story extant of a *comical coon*, one of the best drivers, devil-may-care, and good-hearted men in the world. His real name is Bradley, but he is generally called (as a term of endearment I presume) by the monosyllabic designations of Brads or Brad. This amiable youth once started from Ballarat at six o'clock in the morning for Geelong, at which place he was due at three in the afternoon; and some idea may be formed of the pace at which he went by the fact of his arrival at eleven o'clock, four hours in advance of his time, and with one solitary passenger (an old sailor used to holding on), having dropped all the others, nine in number, at various points along the road. Mr. Brad did not drive that line again in a hurry, but he is now comparatively steady; and is one of the most reliable drivers upon the Bendigo route. From the extreme roughness of the road, and the rate at which you are carried, by the time you arrive at your destination you feel very much as if you had been taking a night's ride with the Black Huntsman, and had lost leather in the operation; and I was really so much fatigued with being driven through the top of the waggon, and being bumped on the bottom (of it), that I recollect nothing of the scenery or the approach to Ballarat, except a confused idea of trees with lead-coloured leaves and burnt trunks and branches, varied with tufts of a high rank grass that resembled stumpy palm trees. At length habitations began to take a position among the eternal stringy-bark and blue gum trees, and for miles we passed through numberless huts and tents, our coach meandering through a net work of holes full of muddy water, which were the remains of trials for pay-dirt, as it is called; and at length reached the end of our journey, Ballarat Flat, much to our delight and personal comfort.

The Flat (so called in contradistinction to the Camp), which is upon a hill adjacent) is a long straggling street, macadamised with quartz, and filled with hotels, public-houses, theatres, casinos, singing-rooms, shops, restaurants, miners, horse dealers, jockies, and those hordes of lazy hangers-on that are found in every mining camp all over the world. An atmosphere of dirt pervaded everything, and during the six weeks that we remained

it rained on an average twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and had been doing so, according to all accounts, for eight months before our arrival. There are three theatres on the Flat: the Montezuma (at which we played), the Victoria, and the Charlie Napier (the two last being semi-casinos). We played operas four nights a week, sometimes in Italian, sometimes French, and once the *Sonnambula* in English, Count Rodolfo by the light comedian (weighing sixteen stone) of the dramatic company, who certainly gave a new appearance, if not a new reading to the part, by sporting an exceedingly black eye, which he had obtained the night before at a ball at the Charlie Napier, the said balls at that aristocratic establishment generally winding up with a *free fight*, at which all present were expected to assist.

Our audiences were of a very heterogeneous description, with a slight sprinkling of German and French gentlemen, merchants in the place, to whom our advent was a perfect God-send, and though our operatic efforts might not bear a very critical examination (excepting, of course, the principals), nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the mass of our patrons, and the six weeks' opera season at the Ballarat Diggings was a profitable one to Madame Bishop.

(To be continued.)

DON JUAN AT THE THEATRE FRANÇAIS.

(From The Leader.)

THE *Festin de Pierre*, of all Molière's pieces, is perhaps the most difficult to put upon the stage. For this reason, managers from time to time make the attempt after careful study; and, whatever may be the success, the event always creates a sensation in the dramatic world. We should rather say in the Paris world generally; for what member of it is not interested in theatrical matters? Who ever heard of a Parisian, between infancy and decrepitude, in whom the theatre had not been a passion at some time or other of life? Accordingly, the revival of this singular drama at the Français has been as much talked of as many of Mr. Kean's revivals at the Princess's. Its chief characteristic, however, is not its new scenery, although that has been carefully executed, nor its effects, which have been suffered to be too much trammelled by tradition. The mode of the appearance of the statue, for example, except when first seen upon its pedestal, seems to us a mistake. It is too evidently a mass of plaster, with joints at its neck and knees, so that the incredulity of Don Juan appears natural and estimable, whilst the affright of his followers is ridiculous. Even when the libertine goes somewhere so much before his time, dragged down by the huge puppet, instead of being awe-struck we feel as if he were the subject of a practical jest, and have no fear for the wages of Sganarelle. How different would be the effect if, instead of slavishly following the tradition of a time when stage-magic was unknown, an opening of a sombre character were managed between the banquetting-table, disclosing a vast half-lighted staircase, leading down as if to unknown depths! Up this the statue should glide, not walk; and, indeed, in all his appearances it would be perfectly possible to invest him with a special character. Then, again, the skeleton that comes in wrapped in a sheet is simply ridiculous, and inspires no more awe than a child's Old Bogie. In Molière's time this might be well enough. But now, with the means at our disposal, we should not be satisfied with such meagre arrangements. This spectre should make its appearance at the back of the stage, in such a manner as to strike awe into the soul of the spectator as well as into Don Juan. All these changes would not be in the slightest degree departing from the original conception. Molière would have been delighted to have the support of such appliances. M. Empis, who has already shown so much intelligence and taste, and has succeeded in interesting the French public once more in their national theatre, should take these matters into his consideration.

In every other respect we can give almost unlimited praise to the manner in which this piece has been brought out. There was something to object to in Madlle. Judith's interpretation of the character of Elvire; but Madlle. Favart has since attempted a new interpretation with success. This is part of the new system of M. Empis. He sets the various members of his company to try their hands successively at the same characters, so that though a piece may remain a long time in the bills, there is constantly something new to attract, at any rate, the amateur. Madlle. Fix, however, remains perseveringly in the part of Mathurine; and certainly a more delightful creation cannot be imagined. With reverence be it spoken, the character itself, and the scene in which it is developed are, as Molière left them, of comparatively little value.

Mathurine is a stupid country coquette, led away from an old lover in an instant by a gaudy coat, and is placed on the stage simply to say a few amusing *vairetés*. Madlle. Fix makes her a perfect gem. No wonder Don Juan was charmed by her fresh, innocent face, and candid manners.

The Don Juan of M. Bressant is a remarkable study. We cannot say that the part is perfectly suited to him. Neither his person nor his voice is sufficiently elastic, and he wants a spice of devilry. Still, the accomplished actor triumphs over all these difficulties, and although in constant contact with perhaps the first actor of the day, does not allow himself to be thrown into the background. If Molière had ventured to exhibit his hero—for Don Juan is the hero despite his end amidst combustibles—making use of his seductive qualities, M. Bressant would have had a fine field for the display of his great and peculiar talents. But all his grand seductions are over before he is introduced to us. The affairs with Mathurine and her comrade are mere vulgar *amourettes*, in which he triumphs by means of his fine figure, encased in silk, over mere innocents. Elvire has fallen and been betrayed before the curtain rises, and comes into scold. As interpreted, by Madlle. Judith, who is not by any means a contemptible actress, though this time she made a mistake, this lady's behaviour almost justifies—theatrically at least—Don Juan in cutting her. We think of the Abbess's conclusion in the *Comedy of Errors*:—

"And therefore came it that the man was mad,"

If that was the way she talked during the honeymoon, no wonder the gay Don Juan packed up his carpet-bag. When she enumerates the false excuses he might have given for deserting her, she should gradually melt into tenderness, and, as an audience hates a libertine who is insensible to a woman's tears, the final combustion of Don Juan would be looked forward to at once with delight. "By George!" we once heard an Englishman exclaim on some similar occasion, "I only wish such a fine woman would go on her knees to me!" The Don is obdurate; and his obduracy is well painted by Bressant—better than his gaiety, except perhaps when he flirts with the village beauties, in which situation, despite the false and formal system on which the scene is written, he is perfect. As a hypocrite, in the last act he succeeds in making us shudder, and in preparing us for the melodramatic closing, which is probably a reminiscence of the old mysteries and moralities.

The great success of the revival seems, however, due to the marvellous manner in which M. Regnier plays Sganarelle. That character is one of the most original painted by Molière. It is a pity he has a conventional name. He is a sort of Sancho Panza, gone astray into the service of a false knight. We have no doubt that Molière had a deep meaning in this creation, although we are far from disposed to accept all his minor characters as types and symbols; for we admire and love, but do not adore him. Sganarelle seems to us the incarnation of the ordinary man of the world, who has been brought up with due respect to religion, and maintains that respect, though in contact with the world, because he has an innate religious sentiment, but whose ideas on the subject are so confused, and his knowledge so limited, that the semblance of an argument staggers him, and all hostile facts he is obliged to gulp down without question. He sometimes breaks his nose, sometimes gets into the middle of a crowd of dilemmas which nip him as he scuds along; so that at first sight Molière seems to be making a covert attack on faith. This is not the case, however. Though Sganarelle's intellect is not very clear, or rather not well furnished with formal arguments, his moral instincts are always in the right—except once, when, as a concession to human nature, he makes common cause with his master in doing a tailor with whom he has a little private account of his own. He is humane and pious; and, if fortune had not placed him in a subordinate position, would have been a better gentleman than his master. All these points, and many more which we cannot stop to indicate, are exquisitely brought out by Regnier, who never studied a part more profoundly or with more success. From the moment he appears on the stage the real interest of the play centres in him—so much so that certain French critics have accused him of being too active, and of unduly attracting attention. This is because the audience sometimes watches his by-play with such profound attention, to the neglect of the regular business of the piece.

The fault, however, is not Regnier's—neither is it that of the other actors. The fault is in the play itself. We shall take another opportunity of discussing this matter minutely, in the hope of elucidating what may be called one of the unknown adventures of the drama in France. When Molière wrote his *Don Juan*, there was a possibility that dramatic France would follow in the steps of Shakspeare. As an isolated production, it appears odd and questionable. It might almost be taken as a satire on the romantic drama. Except that he turns his back on his father, and speaks in favour of hypocrisy, Don Juan is not

guilty of crimes deserving, either in the opinion of the world or of the stage, of being swallowed up by a flaming trap-door. He is a gay, bad man, who makes profession of infidelity. Churchmen, in that age, no doubt smiled approvingly at his fate; but the worldlings who went to watch his career would have been more seriously afflicted and better satisfied had he earned his punishment by treacherously killing the brother of Elvire, and laying violent hands on the author of his being. At any rate, in these days, when we are more cautious of inflicting the penalties of the other world, no one really feels that the many peccadilloes and some crimes of Don Juan are sufficient to account dramatically for his being sent "to the devil" with such expedition. And it is impossible to prevent the catastrophe from having a retroactive effect on the piece. We know to what we are tending; and the disproportion between the acts of the libertine and their punishment, destroys altogether, or nearly altogether, the sentiment of reality. Scarcely for a single moment do we believe in the sorrows of Elvire, because we know that a handsome man is going to be suddenly damned for them.

Mademoiselle Fix, it is true, makes Mathurine so charming, that we are rather inclined to envy the whole career of Don Juan, and to think that the lubberly peasant who lost her, we suppose only for a moment—just time for Jove to clip Juno—ought to have been too happy with a hundredth share in such a venture. As for Elvire's brother, excellently and conscientiously played, by-the-bye, we think he might as well have stopped away; the father seems impertinently pious; M. Dimanche could have waited for his little account; and the statue ought to have remained on its pedestal. All this is the result of the disproportionately tragic end of the piece—which end causes no emotion at last—because it suggests the idea of a trick; and instead of caring to take a peep down the yawning gulf by which the elegant Bressant and his plaster-of-Paris companion have disappeared, our interest reverts to the bewilderingly comic Regnier, who, in the guise of Sganarelle, darts across the stage and cries, "My wages! My wages!" He gets them in the applause of the audience.

SCHUMANN ON MENDELSSOHN.

OVERTURE TO THE LEGEND OF THE FAIR MELUSINA.

(First heard in the Leipzig Concerts in December, 1835.)

NOTHING troubles many persons more than the impossibility of deciding which of the overtures of Mendelssohn is really the most beautiful, the best. Even about the earlier ones the question was difficult enough—and now a fourth appears. Florestan therefore divides the parties into *Midsummer-Night's Dreamers* (by far the strongest), *Fingallers* (not the weakest, especially in the other sex), and so on. That of the *Melusina* may indeed be called the smallest, since at this time the overture has been heard nowhere in Germany, except in Leipzig; and England, where the Philharmonic Society first brought it out as their own property, could only be called in as a *corps de reserve*.

There are works of so fine a spiritual structure, that bearish criticism stands before them quite abashed and only offers compliments. This was the case with the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* overture (at least I do not remember to have read any but poetical reviews of it); and it is now again the case with the overture to *The Fair Melusina*.

We think that, to understand it, no one needs to read the long-spun, although very richly imaginative tale of Tieck, but at the most simply to know, that the charming Melusina was inflamed with violent love for the handsome knight Lusignan, and married him under the promise that he would leave her certain days in the year alone. One day it breaks upon Lusignan that Melusina is a mermaid—half woman and half fish. The matter has been variously worked up, in words, as well as in tones. But one must not seek in this, any more than in the overture to Shakspeare's *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, to trace any such coarse historical thread.* True to his poetic manner of conceiving every subject, Mendelssohn here sketches only the characters of the husband and the wife, of the proud, knightly Lusignan, and the enticing, self-surrendering Melusina; but it is as if the waves of the sea came over their embraces, and overwhelmed and parted them again. And here may every listener

* A curious person once asked Mendelssohn what the overture, *Melusina*, meant peculiarly. Mendelssohn quickly answered: "Hm—a *mésalliance*."

perchance feel revived in him those pleasant images, with which the youthful fancy so delights to linger, those legends of a life deep down beneath the waves, full of shooting fishes with gold scales, full of pearls in open shells, full of buried treasures, which the sea has taken from man, full of emerald castles towering one above another, etc. This, it seems to us, is what distinguishes this overture from the earlier ones: that it as it were narrates these sort of things right on, quite in the manner of the legend, and does not itself live them. Hence at first sight, superficially regarded, it seems somewhat cold and dumb; but how things live and weave there in the deep, admits of clearer expression through music than through words; wherefore the overture (we must confess) is better, by far, than this description of it.

What we find to say of the musical composition, after twice hearing and a few occasional peeps into the score, limits itself to what is understood of course,—that it is written by one who is a master in the handling of form and of material. The whole begins and ends with a magical wave figure, which now and then emerges in the course of the piece, and which has the effect, before alluded to, as if one were suddenly transported from the battle place of violent human passions out into the vast earth-embracing element of water, particularly from the point where it modulates from A flat through G to C. The rhythm of the knightly theme in F minor would gain in pride and consequence by a still slower tempo. Tenderly and caressingly still sounds to us the melody in A flat, behind which we descry the head of Melusina. Of single instrumental effects we still hear the beautiful B flat of the trumpet (near the beginning), which forms the seventh to the chord;—a tone out of the primeval time.

At first we supposed the overture written in six-eight measure, owing, perhaps, to the too quick tempo of the first performance, which took place without the presence of the composer. The six-four measure, which we then saw in the score, has, to be sure, a less impassioned and a more fantastic look, and keeps the player, at all events, more quiet; yet it always seems to us too broad, too extended. To many this perhaps seems insignificant; yet it rests upon a feeling not to be suppressed, which in this case I can only utter, but not prove its justice. Whether written so or so, the overture remains as it is.

OP. 33. THREE CAPRICIOS.

It often seems as if this artist, whom chance already at his baptism called by the right name (Felix), broke certain bars, nay chords out of his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and expanded them and worked them up again into single works, somewhat as a painter works up his Madonna for all sorts of angels' heads. In that "Dream" for once the artist's dearest wishes flowed together to their goal: it is the result of his whole being—and how significant and beautiful it is, we all know.

Two of the above Caprices might belong to an earlier period; the middle one alone seems recent. The others, too, could have been written by other masters; but in this middle one stands upon every page as in great letters: F. M. E. Above all I love this one, and hold it to be a genius, which has secretly stolen upon the earth. Here is no straining and storming; no spectre haunts, and never a fairy teases; everywhere you tread upon firm ground, upon flowery, German ground; it is like a Walt's summer flight over the county, from Jean Paul. And though I am almost convinced that no one can play this piece with such inimitable grace as the composer, and see some reason in the opinion of Eusebius, that "he (the composer) might with this music, make the most loving maiden for some moments false," yet this transparent, shimmering vein, this opaline colour, this finest play of features cannot be entirely suppressed by any one.

How different from this are the other Capriccios! They seem in no way related to the middle one. In the last, especially, there is a certain suppressed, speechless rage, which becomes tolerably subdued towards the end, but then breaks out again to heart's content. Why? who can tell! One is at times even wild, not about this or that, but as if he would like with "a most gentle fist" to dash right and left into the world in general, and dash himself out of existence, should this humour not be

tolerated. The Caprice may affect others differently, this is the way that it affects me. But, on the other hand, we shall all agree, about the first of the three, in the feeling of a gentler sadness asking and receiving comfort from the music into which it plunges. More we reveal not; let the next look of the reader fly to the book itself.

COLOGNE.—The fifth Niederrheinisches Sängersfest took place at Neuss, on the 8th and 9th instant. Everything connected with the material arrangements was admirable, not only for a town of about eleven or twelve thousand inhabitants, but for any place. The appropriate and tasty manner in which the new music-hall is fitted up, and its position in the town gardens, where the visitor finds, in the immediate neighbourhood of the building, refreshing shade, broad walks and green lawns, at different points of which were erected eating-rooms, besides wine and beer shops, so that all the creature comforts could be satisfied outside the concert-hall—all this reflects great credit on the festival committee and the authorities of the town.

On the other hand, however, the kernel of the festival, the musical portion, was far less admirable than the outward shell. As a rule, the greater number of the assembled singers—who, by the way, scarcely reached the half of the thousand announced—displayed a lamentable indifference to the artistic importance of the festival. The rehearsal on Sunday morning was very scantily attended, while that on Monday did not deserve the name, not more than twenty or thirty persons being present! And yet the place fixed on for the festival—that is to say, the gardens—was constantly filled with singers, indulging in wine, beer, and low songs—nay, some of them, *horribile dictu*, continued the latter after their own fashion in the open air during the concert itself in the hall! Under such circumstances, the Niederrheinische Vocal Association cannot further exist without getting rid of such coarse, unartistic elements.

The directors, Herr F. Hartmann, of Neuss, and C. Reinecke, of Barmen, were in despair; and, really, a great deal of resignation was requisite to hold the conductor's baton, and exhibit as much perseverance and devotion as they did, and by means of which a tolerable performance of the orchestral pieces, and, at least, a supportable one of the vocal compositions was obtained. The latter, however, were executed with anything but precision and expression; they were rudely and coarsely sung, as was particularly evident in the gentler pieces, such as Mozart's "Ave verum," and Kreutzer's "Dir möcht' ich diese Lieder weihen." The only concerted piece which produced a favourable impression was a wonderful *motet* by the old Italian composer, A. Lotti. Even in the pieces with orchestral accompaniment, it was evident that the different associations had not studied conscientiously; the voices were often uneven, and sometimes began separately, besides being nearly always flat, at least in proportion to their numbers. It was, perhaps, these circumstances which prevented Carl Reinecke's new composition—the *Schlachtlid* by Klopstock ("Mit unserm Arm ist nichts gethan"), for two small choruses, and full orchestra—from producing the effect it otherwise would have done. This composition is very industriously and skilfully treated, and at the commencement according to strict canonic style; but that so severe a form is suited to a *Schlachtlid* (battle-song) we feel inclined to deny. The work has some brilliant points, but, on the whole, is deficient in the dash which the spirited words require.

The orchestra, principally composed of Landenbach's regimental chapel of Cologne, was pretty numerous (although we could have wished for more violins), and very good. Julius Rietz's overture (in A major), conducted by Hartmann, went admirably, and that to the *Abeneerages*, by Cherubini, conducted by Reinecke, very well. On the other hand, however, the tempo of the allegro, in Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell*, was too slow.

The execution of the vocal pieces by the *Liedertafeln* of Neuss (Hartmann), of Crefeld (Wilhelm, whose song "Waldlust," is a charming composition), and of Aix-la-Chapelle (F. Wenigmann), was highly meritorious and artistic, and made up for much that was defective. The several associations were, with justice

enthusiastically applauded, especially that of Aix-la-Chapelle. The Prince von Hohenzollern, with several members of the court, were present.—*Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.*

VIENNA.—The season just concluded has again proved that Italian opera has outlived itself. *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Così fan Tutte*, with Rossini's best works, constituted the life and soul of the three-monthly attempt. *Il Trovatore*, and *Rigoletto*, it is true, were brought out to satisfy the uneducated and badly educated portion of the public, but it was impossible to rummage out anything new in this line. Verdi's *Aroldo*, and Perelli's *Clarissa Harlowe* were two wretched failures, while *Così fan Tutte* lent a freshness and charm to the season. Where, then, is the influence of the Italian element, conjured up in vain at such an expense.

Of the 75 operatic performances, 22 were devoted to Verdi (*Il Trovatore*, 11; *Rigoletto*, 6; *Ernani*, 3; *Aroldo*, 2); 20 to Rossini (*Il Barbiere*, 10; *La Cenerentola*, 4; *Mosè*, 4; *Gli Italiani in Algeri*, 2); 16 to Mozart (*Così fan Tutte*, 6; *Figaro*, 5; *Don Giovanni*, 5); 10 to Bellini (*La Sonnambula*, 5; *Norma*, 3; *I Montecchi e Capuletti* 2); 5 to Donizetti (*Lucrezia*, 4; *Don Pasquale*, 1); 2 to Perelli (*Clarissa Harlowe*, 2). Herren Proch, Esser, and De Barbieri conducted in turns. A total of seventeen operas by six different composers was given during the season.

Great hopes are entertained of the German operatic season. Eckert's career, although it commenced last winter, may be dated from July, 1858. He commands the good wishes of very many persons, but time alone can prove what he will and can do. There can be no doubt of the ability and intentions of the new directors of the Opera-house. The fact of Wagner's *Lohengrin* opening the season is laudable only inasmuch as that the work is by a German composer. It is to be hoped that Marschner's *Hierne* will follow, at least, although we do not hear much about it. We have yet to learn whether we shall have *Idomeneo*, and *Titus*, *Die Vestalin*, *Templer und Jüdin*, *Hans Heiling*, Cherubini's *Medea*, Gluck's *Armida*, *Iphigenia*, and *Orpheus*, which for us are nearly as good as new. It is impossible to do everything at once.

On the 29th July, the distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Conservatory took place in the rooms of the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*. It was preceded by a concert, opened by Robert Schumann's symphony in D, performed, under the direction of Herr Joseph Hellmesberger, with as much precision and force as could be expected from the youthful orchestra. Among the solo performances of the pupils, we may particularly mention the execution of Mendelssohn's violin concerto by Herr Leopold Auer, and of the grand air from *Norma*, by Mdle. Gabriele Krauss. Mdle. Katharina Bauer, too, in the aria from *Fidelio*, proved she possessed a fine voice, especially in the higher notes, but that a pupil of the Conservatory should have already contracted the defect of broadly pumping out the lower notes, does not say much for the correctness or strictness of the method pursued there.

It is very satisfactory that *Gesang-Vereine* for full chorus—the *Singverein*, under the direction of Herr Herbeck, and the *Sing-Academie*, under that of Herr Stegmaier—have at last been established again here. Neither of these associations has been able to withstand the temptation of giving a public performance only a few weeks after its foundation, a proceeding which, for two reasons, we consider premature: Firstly, because they have not acquired sufficient certainty, although they possess admirable material; and, secondly, because such haste satisfies vanity more than it forwards the object of institutions of this kind, and is only too liable to make people exert themselves more for outward show, than for a revival of a lively feeling for music and its noblest works. The able and excellent critic on sacred music in the *Wiener Monatschrift* speaks of both performances in the following terms:

"The *Singverein* of our *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* has taken its first step in the way of publicity by performing Palestrina's mass, '*Iste Confessor*,' composed about 1590. The selection is emphatically deserving of praise. This mass was a perfect novelty for Vienna, and, looked on from the point of view of an æsthetic church style, is a perfect gem. In the '*Et incarnatus*' the simple and lofty three-toned web soars upward even to

the level of a certain dramatic spirit. Thanks to the zealous exertions and dramatic intelligence of Professor Herbeck, the performers—although, on account of the short time the association has been in existence, somewhat premature—grasped with spirit and tolerable certainty this beautiful composition, especially as regards the devout intonation of the pure points of feeling and dramatic effect contained in it. In the '*Gloria*' and first part of the '*Credo*,' however, the chorus—which, though full and powerful enough in the higher and lower notes, is not sufficiently intense and effective, nay, not numerous enough in the middle ones—fell into the fault, unfortunately too common in this case, of merely singing the lapidary notes, beneath which, however, a profound and glowing feeling mostly slumbers. The new portions introduced by Herbeck, Pertinax, and Hauptmann, although invariably impregnated with the spirit of our own time, and, therefore, not quite adapted to the original work, stood out very favourably, partly on account of their powerful expression, and partly on account of their delicate and harmonious character. The former decidedly laudable quality belongs to the compositions of Herbeck and Pertinax, and the latter, no less effective one, to Hauptmann's wonderfully feeling '*Benedictus*.' We regret, however, its indescribably confused execution, swarming with faults of every description. We hope the association will soon think of this composer's *Vocal Mass*. Herr Bibl, jun., distinguished himself as a modern organist, in Mendelssohn's style, as much as ever, but his scales, which were nearly all chromatico-enharmonic, formed the most glaring contrast to Palestrina's mass, which is treated in a strictly diatonic manner.

"The *Sing-Academie* has, also, adopted the motto: '*Omnia ad majorem Dei gloriam*,' by selecting the performance of a mass as the first sign of its public existence. It has been more careful in its programme than Herr Herbeck's association. Whether it has been more artistic is another question. Following our own conviction, if we do not answer this by a complete negative, we can only give an affirmative conditionally. Friedrich Schneider's *Vocal Mass*, like almost everything written by its composer, who, in many respects, was a meritorious musician, belongs to that period between Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, which we may justly designate as a deplorable one, destitute of godlike inspiration, and founded merely upon a sort of mechanical musical understanding, or, at most, on the period of the so-called filligree taste. With the exception of the correct '*Kyrie*' and the single ray of dramatico-musical life which flashes through the '*Crucifixus*,' Schneider's mass offers us nothing more than dry passages skillfully copied from the long naturalised masters of the South-German church style. We meet too many old acquaintances from the time of Haydn and Mozart, whose features are only too easily recognisable in spite of the borrowed mask. Schneider's work is well adapted for singing, like all the creations of his models, each of whom was so great in his own way. The effect of such music upon a certain class is unfailing. The compositions of the Dessau master—like those of the illustrious Rohrau* and Salzburg minstrel†—are full of the spirit of unadorned nature. The mass in question was most carefully studied in its minutest details. With the exception of a few blunders, it went admirably. The tempo was generally good, and there was a proper distribution of light and shade. The voices were fresh and vigorous, and ennobled, moreover, by real enthusiasm. Rotter's additions, composed expressly for the occasion, and consisting of an '*Asperges*,' '*Graduale*,' and '*Offertorium*,' were remarkably effective."

PHYSIC VICE MUSIC AND VICE VERSA.—The New York journals apprise us of a celebrated American doctor of medicine, by name Standish, who has renounced his profession to appear on the stage. From the same source we learn that Dr. Ward, a medical practitioner of New York, has composed an opera, entitled, *Flora; or the Gipsy's Frolic*, which was performed in presence of a select auditory of artists and connoisseurs, and achieved a great success.

* Haydn.

† Mozart.

Last week but One of the Present Season, and Last Nights of the Merchant of Venice.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

TO-MORROW (Monday), and during the week, will be presented Shakspeare's play of **THE MERCHANT OF VENICE**. Shylock by Mr. C. Kean; Portia, by Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by the farce, entitled, **DYING FOR LOVE**.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening August 21, a **BENEFIT**, in aid of the funds of the **DRAMATIC COLLEGE** for founding homes for aged and infirm actors and actresses, and providing maintenance and education for the children of actors, on which occasion will be presented **A DOUBTFUL VICTORY**, **HUSH MONEY**, and **THE WANDERING MINSTREL**, with other attractions to be hereafter announced. Commence at half-past seven.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Another week of the Adelphi Artists, Mr. B. Webster, Mr. C. Selby, Mr. Bruce Norton, Miss Kate Kelly. Mr. B. Webster will appear every evening in three pieces. On Monday and during the week to commence with the Adelphi drama of **MASKS AND FACES**, supported by Mr. B. Webster, Mr. C. Selby, Miss Kate Kelly, and the whole strength of the Company. To be followed by the comedy of **THE WOMAN HATER**, in which Mr. B. Webster will appear. Concluding with the drama of **WHO'S YOUR FRIEND**, in which Mr. B. Webster, Mr. C. Selby, and Miss Kelly will perform.

NOTICE.—MR. JAMES ANDERSON, the eminent tragedian, is engaged for twelve nights, and will appear on Monday the 30th. Due notice will be given of the annual visit of Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COSSACK.—"In consequence of peculiar, private, and personal reasons, M. Rubinstein is unavoidably prevented fulfilling his engagement with Signori Biletta and Solieri this morning." This was the announcement. The concert was that of Signors Biletta and Solieri.

S. E. M.—"The verses are too poetical for our prosy columns. They would exactly suit the Morning Post, or the Saturday Review."

DIED.

M. BOSISIO—the well-known composer of dance-music, and chef-d'orchestre of the Cremorne Gardens for eight years—suddenly of apoplexy, on Sunday, at Paris.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21st, 1858.

AFTER Birmingham, Leeds. The Yorkshire Festivals are reviving. The moody county town, with its inharmonious clergy—who can hardly have listened at any time to the wind whistling past the corners of their big cathedral, or murmuring in the trees whose heads confront its towers—must look with envy on the commercial capitals of the West Riding. The ancient seat of music, the erewhile archiepiscopacy of York, is put to shame by blackened Leeds and wooly-headed Bradford. In the vapour of these manufacturing conglomerates, nightingales sit and sing, the skylark trills, and the thrush utters its mellifluous note; while in clear-skied York only the screech-owl bides, or on its grey walls some queer sparrow hops, unlike as possible to the bird of Lesbos, the chirping rival of Catullus—

"Passer delicie mee puellæ"—
Quem plus illa oculis suis amabat."

It is manifestly a disgrace that Bradford and Leeds (no offence to Leeds) should hold festivals, while the county town holds none; that Leeds and Bradford (no offence to Bradford) should be noisy with the fiddle and the drum, while York lies quiet as a stone—its silence sanctified by moonlight. Fye! old York—fye! old city—venerable but no longer venerated by the disciples of Orpheus and Amphion! For thee Hermes in vain riddled the tortoise—on thee in vain

Apollo rains his beams, since in base ingratitude thou dost despise his lyre.

But York is *not* wanted here. It is of the first Leeds Festival we have to speak—and that at no great length, for with most of the details our readers are already acquainted. With the inauguration of the new Town Hall by Her Majesty the Queen—on Monday and Tuesday, the 6th and 7th of September—we, simple music-chroniclers, have nothing to do, and shall therefore jump over that edifying ceremonial, and come at once to the Festival, over which is to preside Professor Sterndale Bennett, born at Sheffield, and therefore exercising his fair prerogative as conductor of a Yorkshire music-meeting.

There being no cathedral, the performances, morning and evening, will take place, as at Birmingham, in the Town Hall. By this we are spared a long sermon, and a church service, not the more enlivening for anybody "in D," or for the doubtful "intoning" of some sleepy minor canon. The Leeds virgin Festival, then, begins on Wednesday,* with Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which thus, as we have previously remarked, has the honour of inaugurating all three festivals. In the distribution of parts, we are glad to find Madame Novello, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss in possession, respectively, of the whole of the principal music for soprano, tenor, and bass; and sorry to find the contralto divided between Misses Palmer and Dolby. If this must be divided at all, the process should be effected in a wholly different manner—with reference, in short, to the meaning of the text. We shall, however, return to the subject, which, just now, we have no time to discuss. Mr. Santley sings bass in the two quartets, and Madame Weiss has to do with recitatives, and three of the most important *morceaux d'ensemble*. On Thursday morning the selection is more varied than judicious. For example, it commences with Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, after which, in a sacred performance, for reasons that will at once present themselves to musical readers, *nothing* can be heard to advantage. But to follow up the *Stabat Mater* with selections from J. S. Bach's *Grosse Passion-Musik* makes matters worse. Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, concludes this strangely constructed programme. In the *Stabat*, two of the Italians—Alboni and Giuglini—make up the quartet with Mad. Novello and Mr. Santley. In the *Passions-Musik*, Mr. Sims Reeves is to sing the fine air, "With Jesus I will watch"; and Miss Dolby, "See the Saviour." Mad. Novello, Mr. Reeves, and Mr. Weiss are the singers in the oratorio of Beethoven. On Friday morning we are promised *Spring and Summer* from the *Seasons of Haydn*, and the whole of Handel's *Israel*, which last is of itself sufficiently long and important to demand no extra attraction.

On Tuesday the important organ-part in *Elijah* devolves upon Mr. W. Spark; on Thursday Mr. Henry Smart presides at the organ, as accompanist, and in revenge Mr. W. Spark plays a solo; on Friday Mr. W. Spark undertakes the *very* important organ part written by Mendelssohn for *Israel in Egypt*, and in revenge, Mr. Henry Smart plays a solo. Thus is the new instrument of Messrs. Gray and Davison, to be exhibited—with the addition, that on Saturday morning, when the Festival winds up with the *Messiah*, the organ-part falls to Mr. Henry Smart.

The programmes of the evening concerts are all extremely

* The day of the first performance having been changed from Tuesday to Wednesday, for the accommodation of Royalty, and to the inconvenience of the public.

long, but on the other hand they all contain (as at Birmingham) some decided points of interest. For example—the first (on Wednesday) comprises Mozart's delightful symphony in C, No. 1;* some part-songs by Mr. Henry Smart; a violin solo by M. Sainton; Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in G minor (pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard); and Professor Bennett's MS. "pastoral," entitled *The May Queen*; besides miscellaneous singing by Alboni, Sims Reeves, Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, the Weisses, etc. In the programme of the second concert (on Thursday) the prominent features are the overture to *Zauberflöte*; Professor Bennett's *Caprice* in E (pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard); Mendelssohn's symphony in A minor; J. S. Bach's overture in D major; and the overture to *Oberon*. On this occasion Madlle. Piccolomini and the "golden-voiced" Giuglini, with "*et ceteras*" from Her Majesty's Theatre, join Alboni and the English singers already named; Miss Goddard plays "Home, sweet home," and Mr. Sims Reeves sings "Phoebe dearest"—his only contribution, by the way, to a somewhat remarkable entertainment.

The programme of the third and last evening concert (on Friday) includes the Symphony in C minor, of Beethoven; the Concert-stück, of Weber (pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard); the *Isles of Fingal*, *Guillaume Tell*, and *Jubilee* overtures; and the second part of Beethoven's Septet, by seven of the principals of the band, led by Mr. Blagrove—the vocal pieces being shared among the singers already named, with the exception of Alboni, who, after the second concert, de-Leeds's or decamps—a flight premature, to say the least of it.

On the whole, programmes far less rich in excellence and variety of material have often been lauded to the skies, and given more than satisfaction. We are quite convinced that Professor Sterndale Bennett has done everything in his power; that his presence will exercise the most beneficial influence on the entire proceedings; and that his experience as a conductor will have no small share in the success which we hope and believe awaits the first musical festival at Leeds, in aid of the funds of its General Infirmary.

"How frightfully dull it is in London about the middle of September," exclaimed a baronet, well-known and highly respected among artistic circles. "Why, then, don't you go into the country?" asked a friend. "Because the country is so much duller" was the baronet's reply.

This brilliant display of repartee occurred some years ago, which was a fortunate circumstance for its reputation; for, this present year, we have reason to anticipate a period of dulness exceeding everything hitherto known in either country or town.

The Olympic closed, the Adelphi closed, the Haymarket closed, the Lyceum closed, the only theatre regularly open at the West-end is the Princess's. A little convulsive vitality that will be exhibited next week at Drury Lane, where Mr. Anderson is to play in some of his favourite characters, will scarcely disturb the general lull. On the 10th of September, too, Mr. Charles Kean will have brought his season to a close. What is to be done then?

Talk not to us about the Adelphi. We peep through the entrance in the Strand, and see a waste of bricks and rubbish, where once Miami bounded over her bridge,

* Played at one of the Philharmonic concerts this season.

† The others being Messrs. Webb, Williams, Waetzig, C. Harper, Lucas and Howell.

and Muster Grinnidge hoped the serving-man would not be too proud to give him a *mossel* of cheese. There was, we believe some ancient prophecy to the effect that the new Adelphi would open on the 1st of September; but, if so, the seer was manifestly mistaken. Unless the evidence of eyesight be altogether without value, we may as soon expect to see the Arch-Druid celebrating the rights of his church in a restored Stonehenge on the 1st of next month, as to find Mr. B. Webster summoned from the destruction of partridges by the resuscitation of his theatre.

How about the Haymarket? We can't say. That's an affair of mere painting and beautifying, and there is no peep-hole that puts us in a position to report progress.

The "entertainments" too have melted or are melting away. Albert Smith has departed sooner than usual, because he has had a long distance to travel, for the learned in geography say that China is further than Chamouni. Mr. Woodin has not favoured us with his presence at all, but left us to reap consolation from the advertising columns of the daily papers, where we read of his provincial doings. In another week or so, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Reed will have shut up the Gallery of Illustration.

How in the world will the large portion of London that does not go out of town fill up its idle hours? People can't go to see Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul every evening; nor is Okey's "Paris and the Parisians," delightful though it be, sufficient to supply the gap.

Come back to us, Mr. Abel Matthews. We unhappily slighted you in the days of our prosperity. Come back, we say, and repeat the whole of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, together with the—something—of Cowper, and St. Martin's Hall shall be crowded to suffocation.

THE PHILHARMONIC DIRECTORS FOR 1858-9.

G. F. Anderson, Esq.

F. B. Jewson, Esq.

J. Clinton, Esq.

Joseph Calkin, Esq.

(To be continued).

MR. HOWELL, the eminent double-bass player, has been for the last few days confined to his room by an attack of illness. It is confidently expected, however, that he will be enabled to perform his duties at the festivals, where his presence is of such material importance.

LEEDS FESTIVAL.—The orchestral parts of Professor Bennett's *May Queen* were tried yesterday, among other things, at the Hanover-square Rooms.

WIENIAWSKI.—This "*fougueux violoniste*," as the Belgian press entitles him, recently took part in a concert at Wiesbaden, at which the King of Holland and the reigning (why reigning?) Duke of Nassau were in the middle of a *salle comble au possible*. So pleased were the Dutch King and the reigning (why reigning?) Duke, that the former, *séance tenante*, promoted the "*fougueux violoniste*," Wieniawski, to the rank of Captain of the Order of the Oak Leaf Crown, personally presenting the insignia of office, and attaching the ribbon to the button-hole of the "*fougueux violoniste*," amidst the acclamations of the Rhenish and excited audience.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—A concert was given yesterday afternoon, at which Madame Alboni sang for the first time here. It was eminently successful. The great *cantatrice* was encored in all her solos ("Di piacer," "Rode's air," and "In questo sem-plice"), and the audience were delighted beyond measure. Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Miss Eyles, Mr. M. Smith, and Mr. J. L. Hatton were the other singers. Mr. Hatton conducted Alboni's pieces. The band played two overtures, and the *Athalie* march.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE season terminated on Saturday with *Martha*. The performance was admirable. All the principal singers were recalled at the fall of the curtain and received with enthusiasm. At the end of the opera the National Anthem was sung, Madame Bosio and Mario taking the solos.

The past season has been an eventful one. The new theatre, scarce out of the hands of the decorators, carpenters, and painters, opened on the 15th of May, the day specified in the prospectus. Mr. Gye kept faith with the public, but his exertions and anxieties brought on an attack which confined him to his house for many weeks. About the opening of the new theatre at the appointed time speculation had been busy, and hundreds of pounds changed hands on the result. How brilliant and commodious the interior was found, what pains had been taken to accommodate the occupiers of every part of the house, what holes had been pricked by architectural martinets in some of the adjustments and fittings, what faults were found with the entrances to stalls and pit, and the stair-communications between the tiers of boxes, with other points of praise and dispraise, have been too frequently dwelt upon to need recapitulation. Enough; that the new home of the Royal Italian Opera was capacious, magnificent, and admirably adapted for seeing and hearing, and that the subscribers and Mr. Costa were perfectly satisfied.

The new Covent Garden Theatre was inaugurated with the *Huguenots*. The performance was not quite up to the old mark. The absence of Herr Formes was a serious drawback; M. Zelger did his best with Marcel, but his singing and acting did not make the audience forget the renowned German basso. The chorus, too, was not steady. Moreover, the difficulty of setting the scenes, and managing the new machinery, protracted the performance to an unconscionable hour, and the last act had to be omitted. All these circumstances deteriorated greatly from the effect. On the other hand, the band was acknowledged to be as complete and powerful as ever; and Grisi and Mario sustained their high reputations in Valentine and Raoul. The house was crowded to suffocation.

That the management was determined and full of energy, is borne out by the fact that eleven operas were produced during the season, each of which required new scenery, dresses, and decorations. The operas were the *Huguenots*, *Fra Diavolo*, *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, *Norma*, *Martha*, *Otello*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Il Barbiere*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Zampa*. Of these, *Martha* and *Zampa*, according to the promise held out in the prospectus, were produced for the first time. Mercadante's *Il Giuramento* had also been promised, "should time permit," but time, on this occasion, was not condescending, and Mercadante's oft-pledged opera was once again laid on the shelf. Of the new operas, *Martha* pleased the public most. It was played eight times, while *Zampa* was only given twice. The triumph achieved by Flotow over Hérold was in no small degree to be attributed to Mario and Madame Bosio.

The production of *Don Giovanni*, however, caused the sensation of the season. We have written so much recently respecting the performance, and have given so many quotations from the public journals respecting the "controversy," that we may dispense with opinion or remark in this summary. *Don Giovanni* was represented four times, but did not improve by repetition. It is to be hoped that Mario will take into serious consideration the wisdom of perpetuating the transgressions of Signor Alary.

The addition of Signor Tamberlik to the Company was a great fact. The admirable *tenore robusto* made his first appearance in his favourite part of *Otello*, and displayed all his former excellence. He was hardly so successful in *Zampa*; the music of Hérold not suiting him quite so well as that of Rossini.

Mario, it was universally admitted, sang better throughout the season than he had done for years, and displayed all his accustomed genius as an actor.

Grisi appeared in the *Huguenots*, *Il Trovatore*, *Norma*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Otello*, and *Don Giovanni*—in six operas out of the eleven. None of her performances surprised and pleased more than *Desdemona*, which was unexceptionably beautiful and passionate.

Madame Bosio exhibited delightful singing in the *Traviata*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Martha*, and *Don Giovanni*, not to mention *Il Barbiere*. As before, this charming artist was one of the mainstays of the establishment.

Signor Ronconi did admirable service by his performances in *Fra Diavolo*, *Otello*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Barbiere*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Zampa*. In *Don Giovanni* he essayed Leporello for the first time, and won the unqualified admiration of connoisseurs. In *Zampa* he sustained the part of the bellman with irresistible effect.

A word must suffice to chronicle the services of Signor Tagliafico, (a pearl), Neri-Beraldi and Polonini (another pearl), and M. Zelger. Madlle. Marai did not reveal any decided improvement; she is, nevertheless, entitled to a word of praise for her careful performance of Donna Elvira in *Don Giovanni*. Madlle. Parepa, as Camilla in *Zampa*—her only part—did not improve the position she enjoyed last season. Mad. Nantier-Didiée, on the other hand, sang and acted better than ever, more particularly in *Zampa*, in which she was admirable.

The past season has been entirely successful in a monetary point of view, and the theatre bids fair to revive the triumphs of the old.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE second grand concert held at the Etablissement des Bains, on Monday evening, though not absolutely a grand concert, there being no orchestra, was more like a grand concert than the so-called grand concert recently given by, and in the name of, the Philharmonic Society of Boulogne-sur-Mer, which you quoted last week as a "model Philharmonic."

The music-room was filled by a gay and fashionable assembly, between six hundred and seven hundred in number. The performances began, in the London style, at eight o'clock—a reasonable hour, affording time for *bons vivans* to "cuver" their *Bordeaux*, before rushing into the open air, which, for invalids like myself, is a matter of weight and consequence—at the seaside, where the breeze is occasionally uncompromising, especially. "Hoc ego" (*Catulle dit—dit Janinus*)—"Hoc ego, si singula confiteor."

The first part of the entertainment was as follows:—

Grand duo de l'opéra, "Tancredi," chanté par	
Mad. Nantier Didiée et M. Reichardt	Rossini.
Solo de concert, composé et exécuté par	M. Sainton.
Air, "Un Aura Amoros," chanté par M. Reichardt	Mozart.
Grand Sonate dédiée à Kreutzer, exécuté par Mad.;	
Arabella Goddard et M. Sainton	Beethoven.
Romance du Prophète, "Ah! mon Fils," chantée	
par Mad. Nantier Didiée	Meyerbeer.

Mad. Nantier Didiée was welcome to every Boulonnais, for Mad. Nantier was educated in the Paris Conservatoire; and we have all here a great respect for that institution. She was also welcome for her excellent singing, which was made apparent in the duet with our much esteemed Reichardt, who by a certain step recently taken has in a measure identified himself with this watering-place. M. Sainton, the admirable Southron, one of the most galling artists that ever fled the bosom of "La Belle France," to do her honour in foreign lands, M. Sainton, too, was welcome. Prospère was welcome, indeed, as the prodigal son in the parable; and so our fatherly townsmen and motherly townswomen killed the fatted calf for him. His *Solo de Concert* was a peace-offering worthy of the man who thus tendered it eagerly to his long-abandoned country; and as such it was received. Herr Reichardt's "Aura Amoros" was sung in a manner which showed that he had rightly conceived the poetical spirit of Mozart. It was—to employ the English of a Boulogne journal—"pure music deliciously sung; the public hung upon every sweet and rich note from his agreeable throat." Then followed, not the whole of Beethoven's truly great sonata, as had been expected, but the last two movements only, for which we were all sorry. We of Boulogne can put up with half-a-dozen such sonatas *uncurtailed*—provided only they are played as the *andante* and *finale* of Beethoven were played on this occasion. It was a magnificent

performance, and nothing less; and as proof that the audience had not heard enough, they recalled Mdlle. Arabella Goddard and M. Sainton at the end, and this, too, with honest enthusiasm. Of course there were many English in the room, who had heard both Mdlle. Goddard and M. Sainton, and these, though charmed, were not surprised; but the simple Boulogneais, loving music without *arrière pensée*, was both charmed and surprised—and no wonder. The plaintive romance from the *Prophète*, uttered with true feeling by Mad. Nantier Didiée, brought to an end this very agreeable first part.

Nor was the second part uninteresting, as the following will show:—

Duo du Trovatore, "Si la stanchezza," chanté par	Mad. Nantier-Didiée et M. Reichardt ...	Verdi.
Solo Pianoforte, "Home, sweet home," exécuté par	Mdlle. Arabella Goddard...	Thalberg.
Chanson nationale, chantée par M. Reichardt ...	"	"
Fantasie sur l'opéra "Rigoletto," composée et	exécutée par ...	M. Sainton.
Air de "Betty," chanté par Mad. Nantier-Didiée	Donizetti.	

The duet from the *Trovatore* was another excellent piece of softened warbling; the "Chanson nationale" was delivered with infinite gusto, and obtained for our worthy Reichardt a well-deserved encore; M. Sainton's "Rigoletto" (his own composition, like the first) was a great piece of legitimate fiddling, and produced a commendable impression; while Mad. Didiée, in the *tyrolienne* of Donizetti, was encored, but instead of repeating it substituted the equally-spirited *brindisi* from the same composer's *Lucresia Borgia*. Her success was remarkable.

The great "sensation" of the second part has, nevertheless, to be named. "Home sweet Home"—that deliciously national air, which is really neither English, nor French, nor Spanish, nor German, nor Italian, nor Russian, but emphatically *national*—with variations, some say by Thalberg, others by Vincent Wallace, but which I can only believe are by Arabella Goddard herself, so entirely does she play them as if she were *improvising* them, with such ease, such grace, and such seemingly artless art—"simplex munditiis" (*Horace dit-dit Janinus*)—this national "Home, sweet home," thus naturally varied, enchanted every hearer, and the result was a "*bis*," so unanimous and stoutly expressed that it was not to be denied. And so the fair English-woman (whom the *Boulogne Gazette* already claims for a St. Servan—consequently a quasi-Boulogneise) came forward in the midst of the plaudits, and performed, with admirable perfection, another brilliant *morceau*, which, on inquiry, I was told was the *Cascade*, the composition of a distinguished Slavonic prince.

A native critic ("and to the manner born") in the *Boulogne Gazette*, has thus spoken of the Kreitzer Sonata and of "Home, sweet home":

"The clear, distinct, sparkling touch of Miss Goddard was happily responded to by Sainton. Our space forbids our saying all that we would throw off upon this exquisite music so deliciously played; there was no lightning to astonish, no thunder to confound, but limpid sounds blended together in a harmonious phrase such as we had never previously heard in Boulogne. Miss Goddard's 'Home, sweet home,' by Thalberg, was particularly delightful to English ears. Its execution was all that could be desired, whether the air was played by the right hand whilst the left revelled in a delightful accompaniment, or whether the left took up the air and the right struck forth a joyous dance of sparkling fairy sounds, all was sufficient to wrap the audience in an ecstasy of enjoyment."

"Mr. Wells has kindly informed us (we regret that we cannot insert his letter at full length) that Miss Goddard was born at St. Servan in January, 1836, and exhibited at four years of age an extraordinary taste for music. Kalkbrenner, in Paris, Thalberg and (name illegible) in London, were her instructors. It is needless for us to state with what result. We only hope that we shall again have the pleasure of hearing her ere she leave Boulogne."

The writer will be gratified if what I hear be true, viz.: that Mdlle. Goddard is engaged to play at the second concert of the Société Philharmonique de Boulogne-sur-Mer, on Tuesday next. If the entertainment warrants, I will send you a short account of it.

CHATELAINE VICTOR MONTEFAUON DE CINQTOURS.
Boulogne-sur-Mer, Rue Sibléquin, Aug. 19.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

AFTER an unusually long musical interregnum, we had the pleasure of hearing two first-class artists at our Philharmonic Hall on Tuesday, when Bosio and Tamberlik made their first appearance in Liverpool this season. Being a subscription concert, the hall presented a very brilliant appearance, every portion being well filled. Bosio, of course, was the "bright particular star" of the evening, and never did we hear this charming *artiste* to greater advantage. She sang as solos, "Vedrai carino," from *Don Giovanni*, the "Polka," from Alary's *Tre Nozze*, and "Qui sola, vergin rosa," from Flotow's *Martha*, and in each the vocal perfection of the artist, so brilliant, graceful, and expressive, created the most spontaneous and unanimous enthusiasm. All her performances were re-demanded *aux grands cris*, though Mozart's and Flotow's arias were alone repeated. The charming quality of Madame Bosio's voice, and her musical skill, were also most effectively displayed in duets with Signor Tamberlik, from *Rigoletto* and *Mosè in Egitto*. Signor Tamberlik, who had not been heard in Liverpool for three years, when he sang at the Theatre Royal with Crivelli, gave "Gentil sembiante," from *Zampa*; "Per se voi," from *Otello*; and "Il mio tesoro," from *Don Giovanni*, which we have so often listened to with delight on the Liverpool and on the London stage. By Ottavio's lovely song, the audience were roused to enthusiasm.

The band, at times too noisy in the accompaniments to the vocalists, played Mozart's symphony in G minor, No. 2, with great care and precision, and in the overtures to *Jessonda* and *Fra Diavolo* were deservedly applauded. M. Gounod's "Meditation on a prelude of J. S. Bach," admirably played by Mr. G. W. Thomas (violin), Mr. Hirst (organ), and Mr. Toms (piano), elicited a hearty encore. The choir gave a madrigal by Orlando Gibbons, a chorus from Weber's *Preciosa*, and Henry Smart's "Ave Maria."

The Swedish Singers appeared at Reynold's People's Concerts last Saturday, with great success; and are re-engaged for next Saturday, when Madlle. Humler, the violinist, will make her *début* in Liverpool.

Christy's Minstrels appear shortly at the Clayton Hall. Albani, Belart, and Violetti at the next Philharmonic Concert; Giuglini, Piccolomini, &c., at the Theatre Royal, in *Il Trovatore*, *La Zingara*, and *La Traviata*, early in September; Louisa Vinning and Arabella Goddard at St. George's Hall, on the 31st instant. J. N. H.

Liverpool, August 18th.

HERR RUBINSTEIN, recently at Baden-Baden, on his way (or rather, out of his way) to Moscow, is said to have won 11,000 francs at the gaming-tables. Since then, he has passed through Leipsic, where he was not serenaded, and reached Moscow, where he was serenaded.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF MISS THOMSON.—Last week I expressed a hope that Scottish talent would carry off high honours at the Conservatoire of Music, and I have now the pleasure of informing you that the *highest* of these honours—the first vocal prize—was yesterday won by a young lady from Glasgow—Miss Augusta Thomson—who, after only two years' study, and in the face of most formidable competition, has thus been pronounced the "sweetest songster in the grove" of young France. The jury awarding the prizes is formed of MM. Auber, Halévy, Ambroise Thomas, Carafa, &c., assisted by M. Monnaie, the Government Commissioner. Last year the first prize was divided among three competitors, but this time the judges recognised the eminent superiority of Miss Thomson by awarding her a *sole first prize*, which I need not say was well and honourably merited. The voice of this young lady is a soprano of magnificent volume, and of unrivalled purity and flexibility. The *morceau* chosen for her trial was the beautiful scena from the *Huguenots*, "O beau pays de la Touraine!" It was executed by our young Scottish woman with a brilliance and grace which called forth universal plaudits from an assembly of the keenest musical judges in Europe. The first prize for tenor was gained by another pupil of M. Révial.—Correspondence of the *Glasgow Argus*.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, JULY 5, 1858.

CHAIRMAN—The Lord Gerald Fitzgerald.

The following resolutions were put from the chair:—

"Resolved—That the accounts, as now presented, be approved."

Carried unanimously.

"That the thanks of the Society be given to Messrs. Broadwood and Co. for the generous use of their instruments during the past season."

Carried unanimously.

"That the members now going out of office be re-elected, and this meeting do express its high appreciation of the valuable services which those members have rendered to the Society during the past season."

Carried unanimously.

The Honorary Secretary informed the meeting that in consequence of Lieutenant-Colonel Parrick Paget having resigned, in January last, the Committee of Management had elected the Rev. G. Croke Rowden to serve on the Direction in his place, and that gentleman had accepted office.

"That Mr. Henry Leslie be requested to act as conductor during the ensuing season, and that the cordial and sincere thanks of this meeting be offered to him for his able and valuable services during last season."

Carried nemine contradicente.

The following report of the Committee of Management was then read, and adopted, after some discussion, unanimously:—

"Your Committee have had under their anxious consideration measures for increasing the efficiency of the orchestra, and improving the concerts, and they recommend to the meeting that the Society shall, in the coming season, return to its original number of eight concerts; that there shall be two full rehearsals before each concert, and that the attendance of the members of the orchestra at both rehearsals shall be compulsory."

Proposed by Mr. C. Grainger, and seconded by Mr. A. Cohen:—

"That the attention of the Committee should be drawn to the bad effects of admitting members to the Society without ascertaining to a greater extent than is done at present their capabilities of executing orchestral music."

"That the Committee of Management may, if they think fit, use the surplus of the funds of the Society in purchasing music for the use of the Society."

Mr. Val. Morris undertook to take charge of such music.

Some conversation then arose as to the expediency of removing the Society's concerts from the Hanover-square Rooms; and after some discussion, in which several members took part, it was determined not to change, unless the Committee of Management should consider it would be beneficial.

Proposed by Mr. C. Plowden, and seconded by Mr. A. A. Pollock:—

"That the special thanks of this meeting be given to the manager of the orchestra, Mr. Val. Morris, and to the honorary secretary, Mr. Stanley Lucas, for the care and trouble they have taken in each of their departments during the past season."

Proposed, seconded, and carried unanimously:—

"That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Lord Gerald Fitzgerald for his able conduct in the chair."

MUSICIANS AND REVOLUTIONISTS.—Bad embroidery and beadledom may between them play strange tricks with a party of pleasure, as the gentlemen of Louvain know, if the papers tell true. The other day, at the "Procession des Miracles" at Brussels, it appears that a society, probably musical, presented itself, in Belgian fashion, to swell the procession with its ensign. This had the same effect on the police as the well-known scarlet rag has on the bull in the Spanish amphitheatre. The flag was red; it was surmounted with a truculent, bearded, gilt head, looking perilously sinister—and the legend was thought to be "Orsini." Louvain was taken up wholesale, withdrawn from the show, and set apart for examination. It proved that the innocent and musical gentlemen of the town had wished to put themselves under the banner of an Italian, but that Italian (represented awkwardly in the whiskered bust) turned out to be, not the prison-breaker and conspirator, but one who had nothing more to do with rebellion than by composing *Guillaume Tell*—Signor Rossini.

MANCHESTER.—(From a Correspondent).—There is perhaps no artist of the present day who is a greater favourite in the provinces than Madame Bosio. Her name is a sure attraction, and when she is to be heard there hundreds congregate. The announcement of a concert in which the accomplished *cantatrice* was to sing, drew a very large audience to the Music Hall on Tuesday evening. But Madame Bosio was not the only attraction. The name of the great tenor, Signor Tamberlik, was added in the bills, as was also that of the favourite barytone, or *basso-cantante*, Signor Tagliafico. A programme suited to please the unfastidious was provided, and a better selection, in all probability, would not have been so acceptable. The singers were well suited, and some of the vocal pieces, which during the season created the greatest sensation in London, were introduced. The concert opened with the grand duet for tenor and bass from Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto*, powerfully given by Signors Tamberlik and Tagliafico, though altogether out of place in a concert-room. This was followed by Mad. Bosio with the Italian version of "The Last Rose of Summer," from *Martha*, which created a *furor*, and was unanimously encored. Signor Tamberlik succeeded (in every sense of the word) with the popular air from *Zampa*, "Toi dont la grâce séduisante," a noble specimen of pure chest singing, vigorous and manly in expression. In the air of Peter from *L'Etoile du Nord*, "O lieti di tra pace," Signor Tagliafico displayed the great power of his voice, and his genuine artistic style. Both these efforts were loudly applauded. The next *morceau*, the favourite trio from *I Lombardi*, delighted still more, and was redemanded with pertinacity. This closed the first part of the concert, and seldom have I witnessed greater pleasure afforded by five vocal pieces given consecutively. But there is a limit to all things, and I verily believe one more song, duet, or trio would have dissolved the charm. An instrumental performance would have been a relief. Luckily, the first part concluded at the right time, and the highest gratification was the result. The second part comprised the air, "Il mio tesoro," from *Don Giovanni*, by Signor Tamberlik; Alary's Polka, by Madame Bosio; duet from *Rigoletto*, by Madame Bosio and Signor Tamberlik; the popular air from *I Lombardi*, "La mia letizia," by Signor Tamberlik; and the drinking song of Plunket, from *Martha*, by Signor Tagliafico. Need I inform your readers how exquisitely Madame Bosio warbles the dancing measure of Alary's tune; what tenderness and passion Signor Tamberlik infuses into the song from *Don Giovanni*; or how the love-duet from Verdi's opera was executed by the accomplished soprano and tenor? The beautiful air from *I Lombardi* was rendered with irresistible taste and feeling by Signor Tamberlik; but surely a better termination for the concert could have been found than the insipid "beer-song" from *Martha*. DURILLON D'ENGELURE.

[Our correspondent has forgot to mention where the concert took place, and whether there was an orchestra, or an instrumental solo performance. His predilection as a *connoisseur* appears to be exclusively in favour of vocal music.—ED. M. W.]

BOULOGNE.—Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Bourgois for his various attempts to make the Etablissement what it should be. Last week we had occasion to praise his taste in the embellishments lavished on the ceiling of the outward ball-room. This week we cannot praise too highly his efforts to throw comfort around all, and really make his rooms attractive by throwing up a wooden partition, where curtains formerly hung, and thus raising a stout screen between the hot dancer and the cold sea breeze. The advantage of this wooden partition was particularly felt at the concert on Monday night, when the faintest note was distinctly heard in all parts of the room. Thus it is again shown that Mr. Bourgois is the "right man in the right place." On Monday evening came off the second concert of the season. That it was a *concert* it is only necessary to say that Arabella Goddard, Sainton, Reichardt, and Nantier Didiée were the performers on the occasion; and the musical public of Boulogne are indebted to Mr. Bourgois for giving them the opportunity to luxuriate in such music as Beethoven's, when struck from such fingers as those of Arabella Goddard and M. Sainton.—

HENRI HEINE ABOUT MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

(Translated for *Dwight's Journal*.)

PARIS, April 25, 1844.

A tout seigneur tout honneur. We begin to-day, with Berlioz, whose first concert opened the musical season, and might be regarded as the overture thereto. The more or less new pieces that were here brought before the public met with due applause; and even the most sluggish souls were carried away by the impetus of genius that reveals itself in all the creations of the great master. Here is a flapping of wings that indicates no common song-bird; it is a colossal nightingale, of eagle's size, such as may have existed in the primeval world. Yes, the Berlioz music has for me something primeval, if not antediluvian; it reminds me of fabulous kingdoms and of monstrous sins, of high-heaped and towering impossibilities; of Babylon, of the hanging gardens of Semiramis, of Nineveh, of the wonder-works of Mizraim, such as we see in the pictures of the English Martin. In fact, if we look round for an analogy in the art of painting, we find remarkable resemblance and affinity between Berlioz and the mad Briton; the same feeling for the monstrous, for the gigantic, for material immeasurableness. In the one, sharp effects of light and shadow; in the other, screaming instrumentation; in the one, little melody; in the other, little colour; in both, little beauty and not any soul. Their works are neither antique nor romantic; they remind you neither of Greece nor of the Catholic middle ages; but they point much further back, to the Assyrian-Babylonian-Egyptian period of architecture, and to the mere massiveness that is expressed therein.

What a regular modern man, on the contrary, is our Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, our highly-honoured countryman, whom we mention next on account of the symphony which was brought out by him in the concert hall of the Conservatoire. We owe this enjoyment to the active zeal of his friends and patrons here. Although this symphony of Mendelssohn was very frostily received in the Conservatoire, yet it deserves the recognition of all true connoisseurs in Art. It is a work of genuine beauty, one of the best of Mendelssohn. But how comes it that since the *Paulus* was presented to the public here, no laurel crown will bloom on French soil for an artist so deserving and so highly gifted? How comes it that here all efforts go to wreck, and that the last desperate resource of the Odéon theatre, the performance of the choruses to *Antigone*, was followed by the same lamentable result? Mendelssohn always affords us an occasion to reflect upon the highest problems of æsthetics. Especially are we always reminded in him of the great question—What is the distinction between Art and falsehood? We admire most in this master his great talent for form, for *stylistics*, his gift for assimilating what is most extraordinary, his exquisite invoice, his fine lizard's ear, his delicate feelers, and his earnest, I might almost say passionate, indifference. If we seek in a sister art for an analogous appearance, we find it this time in poetry, and its name is Ludwig Tieck. This master, too, knew always how to reproduce what was most excellent, whether in writing or in reading aloud; he understood how to produce the *naïve*, and yet he has never created anything which subdued the multitude and lived on in their hearts. The more gifted Mendelssohn would be more likely to succeed in creating something lasting, but not on the ground where truth and passion are the first requirements, not upon the stage; so Ludwig Tieck, in spite of his most ardent longing, never could bring it to a dramatic performance.

Besides the Mendelssohn symphony, we heard with great interest, in the Conservatoire, a symphony of the blessed Mozart, and a no less talented composition by Handel. They were received with great applause.

Our excellent countryman, Ferdinand Hiller, enjoys too great an esteem among the intelligent friends of art to make it necessary for us, great as the names are which we have just named, to mention his among the composers whose works have found deserved recognition here in the Conservatoire. Hiller is more a thinking than a feeling musician, and too great learned-

ness is even made an objection to him. Mind and science may frequently, perhaps, impart a certain coldness to the compositions of this *doctrinaire*, yet they are always graceful, beautiful, and charming. Of wry-mouthed eccentricity there is here no trace. Hiller has an artistic affinity with his countryman, Wolfgang Goethe. Hiller, too, was born at Frankfurt, where, when I last passed through, I saw his paternal house. It is called "Zum grünen Frosch," (the Green Frog,) and the image of a frog may be seen over the front door. But Hiller's compositions never remind one of such an unmusical beast, but rather of larks, nightingales, and other sorts of singing birds of spring.

There has been no lack of concert-giving pianists here this year. The Ides of March, especially, were notable days in that particular. Everything jingles away, and will be heard, if only for a show, that one may put on airs as a great celebrity beyond the barriers of Paris. These artist youths, especially in Germany, know how to speculate upon the begged or stolen rags of *feuilleton* praise; and in the newspaper puffs there we may read how the celebrated genius, the great Rudolph W.,* has arrived—the rival of Liszt and Thalberg, the pianoforte hero, who has excited such a great regard in Paris, and has even been praised by the critic Jules Janin. Hosanna! Now, one who has chanced to see such a poor fly in Paris, and who knows how little notice is here taken even of more important personages, finds the credulity of the public very entertaining, and the coarse shamelessness of the virtuoso very disgusting. But the sin lies deeper, namely, in the condition of our daily press; and, again, is only a result of worse fatalities.

I must still come back to the conviction that there are but three pianists who deserve a serious consideration, namely: Chopin, the gracious tone-poet, who unfortunately has been sick, and seldom visible this winter; then Thalberg, the musical gentleman, who, in fact, would have no need to play the piano in order to be greeted everywhere as a fine appearance, and who actually seems to consider his talent merely as an *appanage*; and then our Liszt, who, in spite of all his perverseness and his sharp corners, still remains our dear Liszt, and at this moment has again thrown the *beau monde* of Paris into excitement. Yes, he is here, the great agitator, our Franz Liszt, the knight-errant of all possible orders, (with the exception of the French Legion of Honour, which Louis Philippe will not grant to any virtuoso;) he is here, this Hohenzoller-Heckingen state counsellor, this Doctor of Philosophy and miraculous Doctor of Music, this resurrected rat-catcher of Hamelin, this modern Faust, who is always followed by a poodle in the figure of Belloni, this ennobled and yet noble Franz Liszt! He is here, the modern Amphion, who, with the vibrations of his strings, set stones in motion at the building of the Cologne Cathedral, so that they fitted themselves together like the walls of Thebes! He is here, the modern Homer, whom Germany, Hungary, and France, the three greatest countries, claim as their child, whereas the minstrel of the Iliad was only claimed by seven small provincial cities. He is here, the Attila, the scourge of God to all Erard pianos, which tremble at the first news of his coming, and which now again quiver and bleed and whimper under his hand, till it becomes a fair case for the society for preventing cruelty to animals! He is here, the mad, beauteous, hateful, enigmatical, fatal, and yet withal the very childlike child of his age, the gigantic dwarf, the furious Roland with the Hungarian sabre of honour, the genial harlequin, whose mad pranks turned our own head for us, and to whom in any case, we render loyal service in here publicly reporting the great *furor* he has been exciting. We candidly confirm the fact of his immense *success*; how we interpret this fact to our private thinking, and whether we accord or refuse our own private approval to the admired virtuoso, must be a matter of indifference to him, since our voice is only that of a single individual, and our authority in the art of music is of no especial significance.

When I heard formerly of the giddiness which broke out in Germany, and especially in Berlin, when Liszt showed himself there, I shrugged my shoulders and thought: That still and

* Willmers.

sabbath-like Germany will not be slow to improve the opportunity of a bit of permitted movement; it will shake its sleep-paralysed limbs a little, and my Abderites upon the Spree will gladly tickle themselves into a given enthusiasm, one declaiming after the other: "Love, thou ruler of both men and gods!" Their interest at a spectacle, thought I, is in the spectacle itself, in the spectacle for itself, no matter what the occasion thereof may be called, whether George Herwegh, Franz Liszt, or Fanny Elssler; if Herwegh is forbidden, they will cleave to Liszt, who cannot harm or compromise them. So I thought, so I explained to myself the Liszt-omania, and I took it for a sign of the politically un-free state of things beyond the Rhine. But I was mistaken, and that I remarked some weeks since in the Italian Opera House, where Liszt gave his first concert, and, indeed, before an assemblage which one might call the flower of Parisian society. At all events they were wide-awake Parisians, men quite familiar with the highest manifestations of the present; men who, for a greater or less period, had been contemporaries of the great drama of the time; among them so many invalids to all artistic enjoyments, the weariest men of action, women equally weary, after having danced the polka all the winter through, an innumerable crowd of pre-occupied and *blasé* minds—that surely it was no German, sentimental, nor Berlin sensibility-affecting public before which Liszt played, all alone, or rather accompanied only by his genius. And yet how powerfully, how thrillingly his mere appearance operated! How impetuously all hands clapped applause! Bouquets were thrown, too, at his feet! It was a sublime moment, when this *triumphator*, with a calm soul, let the nosegays rain upon him, and at last, smiling graciously, drew a red camellia from one of the bouquets, and stuck it in his breast. And this he did in the presence of some young soldiers who had just come from Africa, where they had seen no flowers, but only leaden bullets, rain upon themselves, and had adorned their breasts with the red camellias of their own hero-blood, without attracting much notice either here or there. Strange! thought I, these Parisians, who have seen Napoleon, who had to give them battle after battle, to fix their attention—these men now go into jubiliations over our Franz Liszt! And what a jubilee! A kind of madness heretofore unheard of in the annals of *furor*!

But what is the ground of this phenomenon? The solution of the question belongs more, perhaps, to pathology than to aesthetics. A physician, who makes female diseases his speciality, smiled very strangely, and then said all sorts of things about magnetism, galvanism, electricity, of the contagion there is in a close room, filled with innumerable wax-lights and with some hundreds of perfumed, perspiring men, of histrionic epilepsy, of the phenomena of tickling, &c., &c. But perhaps the solution of the question does not lie so adventurously deep, but on a very prosaic surface. It will continually seem to me, that the whole witchcraft of it is explained by the fact, that no one in the world knows so well how to organise his successes, or rather the *mise-en-scène* thereof, as our Franz Liszt. In this art he is a genius, a Philadelphia, a Bosko, nay, a Meyerbeer. The most distinguished persons serve him as *compères*, and his hired enthusiasts are models in good dress. The crack of champagne bottles, and the fame of lavish generosity, trumpeted through the most reliable journals, win recruits in every city. Nevertheless, it may be that our Franz Liszt was actually by nature much inclined to spend, and free from avarice, a shabby vice, which cleaves to so many virtuosos, especially to the Italians, and which we find even in the sweet and flute-like Rubini, of whose niggardliness a very funny anecdote in all respects is told. The celebrated singer, it seems, had, in connection with Franz Liszt, undertaken an artistic tour at joint expense, and the profits of the concerts, which they were to give in various cities, were to be divided. The great pianist, who takes everywhere about with him the general-intendant of his celebrity, the before-mentioned Signor Belloni, delegated to him on this occasion all the business matters. But when Signor Belloni gave in his account after the business was closed up, Rubini, with dismay, remarked that among the common expenses also was set down a considerable sum for laurel crowns, bouquets,

eulogistic poems, and other costs of an ovation. The naïve singer had imagined that these tokens of approval had been thrown to him on account of his fine voice; he fell now into a great rage, and swore he would not pay for the bouquets, in which, perhaps, the costliest camellias were found. Were I a musician, this quarrel would afford me the best subject for a comic opera.

But ah! let us not investigate too curiously the homage paid to famous virtuosos. After all, the day of their vain celebrity is short, and the hour soon strikes when the Titan of music perhaps shrivels up to a poor musician of very subordinate stature, who, in his coffee-house, tells his fellow guests, and assures them on his honour, how once bouquets were hurled at him, with the most beautiful camellias, and even how, on one occasion, two Hungarian countesses, to get his snuff-box, threw each other down upon the ground, and fought till they were bloody! The ephemeral reputation of the virtuoso soon exhales and dies away, lonely and trackless as the camel's scent upon the desert.

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Why my heart is full of care,
And why no pleasures charm me;
It is not love torments me so,
I scorn the wily urchin's bow,
His arrows cannot harm me.

I try to sing—my voice is sad,
I sleep—but then 'tis just as bad,
Such gloomy things I dream on.
Can you not tell? nor you? nor you?
Oh then, I know not what to do
To charm away the demon.

I sometimes think, if "I know who"
Were here—he'd tell me what to do
To bid the demon slumber;
Could I but hear his voice again,
I'm *sure* 'twould cheer my heart, but then—
I'm not in love, remember.

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Quick arise, maiden mine,
Make not thyself too fine,
Let thine eyes brightly shine
Like any star.

Tra la la, &c.

Quick arise, maiden dear,
Blue is the sky and clear,
Goats o'er the mountains peer,
See them afar.

Tra la la, &c.

Quick arise, maiden mine,
Brighter than sunbeams shine,
Sparkling with joy divine,
Thy glances are.

Tra la la, &c.

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On the blue deep
Silver beams sleep,
My bark glides as swift as a bird o'er the sea,
And in the calm light,
So holy and bright,
Mary, my Mary, I'm thinking of thee.

From our dear home
Away on the foam,
My visions as far as an angel's can be,
And oft thy dear form,
I see mid the storm,
Mary, my Mary, while thinking of thee.

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Oh, take me to thy heart again!
I never more will grieve thee,
All joys are fled, and hope is dead,
If I indeed must leave thee.

Forgive the wild and angry words
This wayward heart hath spoken,
I did not dream those cherished chords,
So lightly could be broken.

I think how very sad and lone
This life would be without thee,
For all thy joys this heart has known
Are closely twined about thee.

Oh, teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so blindly,
And be once more the gentle guide,
Who smiled on me so kindly.

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So his way he took
To a shady brook
Which he knew by Love was haunted.

And as he went,
He shook his wings
And from them fell in showers
Bright coloured things of every hue,
But some were weeds, some flowers.

A youth and maid
The fairy said
Oft roam this path together;
Her face is bright
With summer light,
But his like winter weather.
Her hand I know
Will outstretched be
To cull the flowers right gladly;
But mingled weeds the youth will see,
And turn him from them sadly
Chasing away the maiden's glee,
By whispering to her sadly.

The maid and youth
Come there in sooth
And marked the scattered treasure;
The maid, in her hair,
Wore a chaplet rare,
But unshared was her guileless pleasure.
On walked the youth
With scornful tread,
When a warning voice floated above them,
Life, like the fairy-strewn path, it is said
Hath flowers for all who cull them.

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